

## IN MEMORY OF DANIELLE

### *"We are Headed Home"*

*We are heading home; we are heading home and it won't be long, for you're gonna look for the Saints, and we'll be long gone. We are on our way home, passing thru this world the Devil calls his Dome.*

*Battle-tested, strapped, and ready, our faith remains steady and strong; thru heaven's door, we're headed home. Never disconnected because we are His own, trust is our ring tone, prayer mixed with Jeremiah 33:3 is God on the other end of the phone. Every time we tear down a devil's home, Satan builds up another Rome. In this world where Satan roams, we're passing thru the Devil's Dome, Saving Souls as we head Home. We're headed home home, and it won't be long, for you're gonna look for the Saints, and we'll be long gone. We are Heading Home!!'*

*- The Prime Minister  
Pastor Terry T. Ingram*

### *Acknowledgement*

*The family of the late*

**DANIELLE GRACE**

*wishes to acknowledge, with deep appreciation, the many expressions of love, concern, and kindness shown to us during this hour of bereavement.*

*May God Bless and Keep You!*

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# *Danielle* G R A C E







MARCH 11, 1998 - JANUARY 2, 2021

*"I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."*

- Phillipians 4:13 (NKJV)



*"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."*

- Proverbs 22:6 (NKJV)



*"And without faith it is impossible to please God, because anyone who comes to him must believe that he exists and that he rewards those who earnestly seek him."* - Hebrews 11:6 (NIV)





*“Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.” - 2 Timothy 2:15 (KJV)*



*Danielle was braver than she thought.*



*Live Love Laugh*

# D A N I E L L E G R A C E THE STORY OF A CF WARRIOR PRINCESS

**DANIELLE GRACE MUNROE** was born on March 11, 1998, in Miami, Florida, to the late Wendy Patrice Mumoe. On that day, there entered into time and space, a soul that would touch countless lives while here on earth. A heart to please and that infectious smile belied the physical and the very spiritual war that Cystic Fibrosis (CF) had waged against her. But when Danielle came to take her eternal rest on January 2, 2021, with her family by her side and her twin sister Darcia holding her hand, she had won the war. “O death, where is your victory?” For we know Danielle is resting in the arms of the Father.

Danielle learned early on to strive for greatness. Her birth mother, Wendy, died when Danielle was one-year-old, and God so very lovingly gave her a family where she had to strive for success. Her mom, Cyntyche Darling, would teach her all she needed to know to be that virtuous woman as described in the Bible. Of course, Danielle could not understand during those early teenage years what her mom really wanted from her. Truth be told, nobody ever knew what this woman of perfection wanted. Her Dad, Joseph Stevens Cooper, knew better than to interfere with that dynamic and opted to be the loving and supportive co-parent, friend, and father. Danielle’s role, as it were in this family, was to be the bossy mother hen to brothers, Charles and Travis, bossing them around, even while stuck in bed. The story has been told that the Ring doorbell was the greatest invention so she could keep an eye on everyone’s comings and goings.

For Danielle, being a twin meant having a teammate for life. In the earlier years, this included her and Darcia wearing the same clothes and sharing a hospital room. Later, but soon, they realized that being an individual was not only ok, but it was also expected in this family. It was ok for Danielle to like pink because after all, she was the warrior princess, while Darcia liked blue. But maybe it wasn’t ok to get mad with your twin sister because her birthday happened to be the day before yours, and she would still be smiling brightly and basking in the birthday-attention that was being lavished upon her when your turn came. But she got mad every year anyway.

When Danielle started elementary school (even when doctors said she couldn’t, but she did anyway) she needed to get up earlier to get respiratory therapy while most were still asleep in bed. She had to have medicines and devices and extra cleaning products in school. Each day consisted of a daily regimen in addition to respiratory therapy. Doing homework while getting a treatment became the norm. Perhaps, most important of all was that all of this just had to be done in style; from coordinating PJ’s to coordinating outfits, and of course, the hair which her cousin Monica made sure was always impeccably done for school and any other of the many birthdays and celebrated events over the years. Every birthday, by the way, was celebrated with the style and fanfare befitting a princess warrior. Not to mention, the celebration and joy she and the entire family felt when she walked across the stage at her high school graduation.

The most important and memorable part of Danielle’s legacy is the words she used to spur others on. She



was excited at the prospect of new babies in the family and of extended family; she took on the planning of baby showers and loved participating in weddings. So enthusiastic was she that she encouraged her friend Tami to paddle across an ocean. She even learned to enjoy her hospital stays. Visitors to her suite at Joe DiMaggio Hospital often felt like they were in a hotel room, complete with a fully stocked snack bar. Danielle's light shined so brightly and she could fight so fiercely because above all else, she loved and trusted God. She was committed to learning and walking in his ways. On January 17, 2016, at the age of 17, she was baptized at the Greater Friendship Missionary Baptist Church in Ft. Pierce, Florida. She also attended Vacation Bible School and volunteered at Port St. Lucie Bible Church in Port St. Lucie, Florida. Her formal Christian education culminated with her receiving her high school diploma from Barnabas Christian Academy in Port St. Lucie, Florida, on May 28, 2016. Her daily walk with God, however, continued. Her favorite scripture was *Philippians 4:13*, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." The truth of this promise would be real in her life over and over again throughout the years.

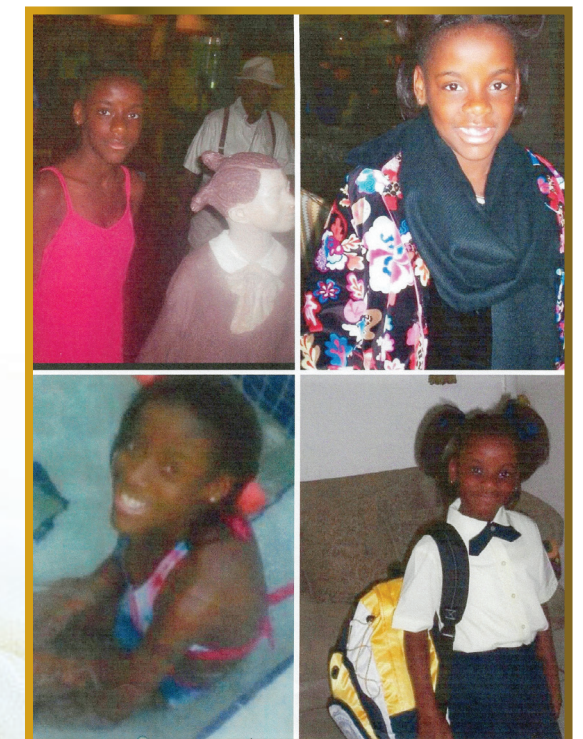
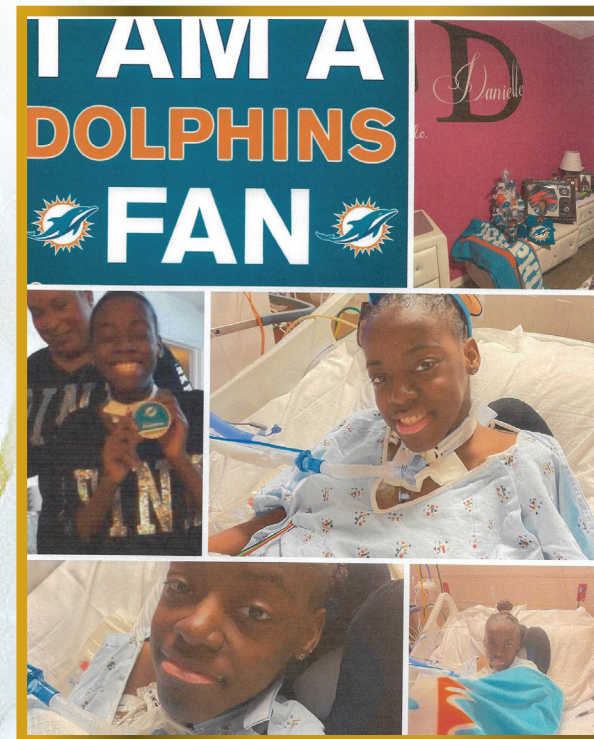
In 2016, Danielle's lungs declined, as is customary for someone with CF. The medical doctors had given up on her and were "making her comfortable." As the family gathered by her side, even flying in from Nassau, Bahamas, her mom told her to hold fast to God's unchanging hand while her dad gathered the prayer warriors and surrounded her bed. And by evening, Danielle was alert and laughing. This scene would happen so many times over the next four years that this earned her the name "The Bounce Back Kid." Now eligible for the transplant list, she was transported to the Mayo Clinic in Jacksonville to await her new lungs. She spent the better part of 2016 in the hospital. The wait was long and arduous and in January of 2017, she was given 10 days to live if a lung did not arrive. During this time, she was on a machine, which would replicate the functions of her heart and lungs. Her Grammy, Barbara Greene, was waiting with her. Grammy, who had traveled from the Bahamas, was by Danielle's side as she had been many times during her many hospital visits. On day eight, by the grace of God and with gratefulness to a generous family who lost a loved one, the lungs arrived. Danielle's family was overjoyed. The look of pure joy on her sister Darcia's face was nothing short of amazing. Nobody knew the real intensity of the battle this warrior had ahead, which she fought with amazing grace, just like her middle name. Nine days after the transplant, she was up and smiling by the grace of God. Danielle had many operations due to complications surrounding that surgery. She would spend her birthday with family and friends, praying and singing hymns of praise. Then, as per usual, this Bounce Back Kid, bounced back. Eventually, she would lose one lung and had to live with only one lung, which presented a new set of challenges. But she pressed on. Over the next four years, she would spend time between hospitals, rehab facilities, and home in her room, fit for a princess. She also spent time in the home of her Auntie Diane and Uncle Johnny Cromwell, who cared for her in their home and also traveled miles to stay with her in the hospital. During her life and her accomplishments, as well as during the many hospital stays, Danielle's friends and family, including her siblings, Darria, Darryl, and Darrell, cheered her on and prayed for her recovery.

Through so many, Danielle's memory will live on. This Warrior Princess fought a battle like no other. The Darling, Cooper, and Munroe families will love her forever. To the family, friends, doctors, nurses, therapists, and all who have shown support, given financially, opened your homes and hearts and prayed without ceasing, words can never express the immense gratitude Danielle felt, nor can her family ever thank you enough for what you have done and continue to do. Let us honor Danielle's life by celebrating, loving, praying for, and supporting her sister, Darcia, who is still very much in the CF war. Darcia needs all our love and support.

One of Danielle's last public expressions was, "Be generous and willing to share" from 1 Timothy 6:18. Let's keep her memory alive by walking this out in our own lives. God Bless You All.



*Danielle was stronger than she appeared.*

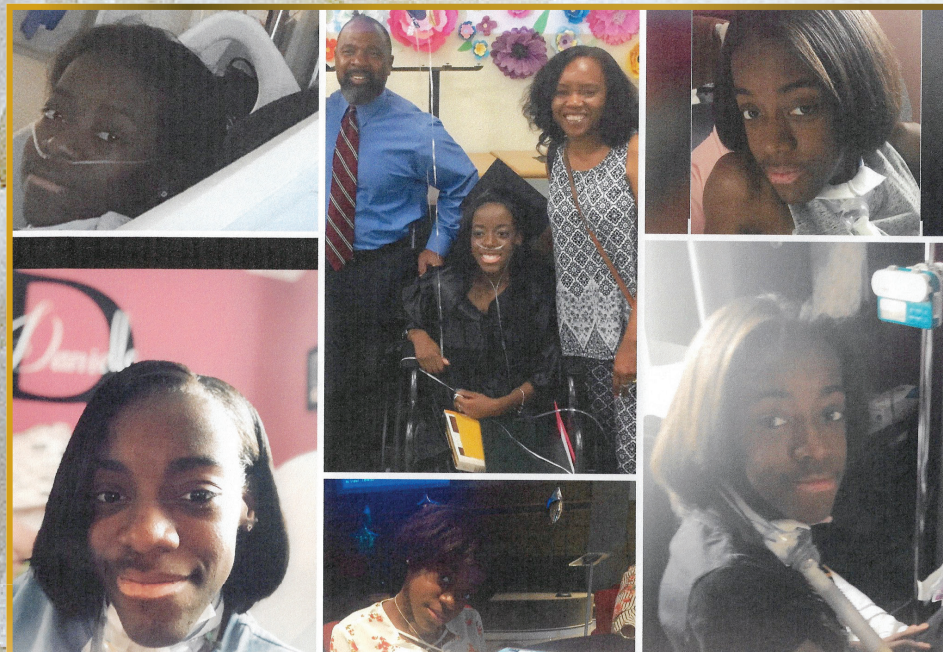


*CF Warrior Princess*





*Artist at heart.*



*"A happy heart is good medicine and a joyful mind causes healing." - Proverbs 17:22 (AMP)*



*a portrait of strength. Your faith in God, a study in gratitude and grace. Your hope, a picture of the glory God has in store and a comfort to us now. It was our sheer joy to raise you, our privilege to know you, our honor to be your parents and guides on your journey. Thank you for teaching us, "It is not the years in your life, but the life in your years that counts." Thank you for living life so well and allowing us to be witnesses to it. Your memory warms our hearts and guides us now. We will be sure to keep your lessons close.*

*We will love you always.*

*Your mother and father,*

*Cyntyche Darling and Joseph Stevens Cooper*

# *A Tribute to Our Daughter*

# *A Sister's Love*

*A sister's love has no bounds; it's with you from the start. It holds your hand and hugs you tight; it always warms your heart.*

*A sister's love is funny; it makes you laugh with not a word. It keeps you safe and holds you close; it inspires you to fly like the highest bird. A sister's love is comforting like the warmest, softest blanket. It gives you a place to land and rest when you think you just can't take it. A sister's love is kind and sweet; it goes the extra mile. It does your hair, picks out your clothes, and keeps you in grand style. A twin sister's love is timeless; it always has been and will always be there. Its power leaves memories of joy, peace, and laughter that neither time nor space can end.*

*Danielle, I am grateful for the love we shared.*

*God made us sisters; love made us friends.*

*I will love you always.*

*Your twin sister,*

*Darcia*







## Grammy's Tribute to Dani

Dear Dani,  
Only grandparents know this secret: there is a special place in our hearts reserved just for grandchildren, special love, and tender care that's more patient, kinder, gentler, and wiser. Dani, your life and my time with you made me thankful for so much. It made me grateful for the miracle of life and God's great mercy towards us. It made me grateful for the time we spent, watching TV, laughing, and just passing the time. It made me grateful for the privilege of being a grandmother and having that special place in my heart that only a grandparent can know. I am grateful for the gift of your life, your love, and the privilege of loving you. Rest in peace and rise in glory.  
Love always,  
Grammy

## Bloom with Grace

Having siblings is like having best friends you can't get rid of. You know whatever you do, they'll still be there. That is why "heartbroken" is an understatement about how we feel losing our baby sister. But we know heaven couldn't wait for you, Danielle Grace Munroe. We are so grateful to know that you are no longer in pain. For 22 years, you and Darcia have shown us what strong looks like, even when the doctors in the past said that you both would not live to see past the age of 11. Well, we thank God for the extra 11 years because he knew we needed it, and thank God your fight is over. We cannot imagine what it was like when you reunited with God. Finally, our mommy got one of her babies to fly along by her side. We got to see you put up your last fight and "Bloom with Grace," as the heavens gain another strong warrior and angel. You are already missed by so many, and you are so loved then and even more now. Sleep & Bloom in Peace, our always and forever baby sister.  
Love, Relly. ❤️

## Dear Wonder Woman

To others, you were known as Danielle Grace Munroe, but to me, Wonder Woman! You were the epitome of strength! Most people wait until you are gone to give roses, but we made sure you got yours while you were present. These things you knew because we told you time and time again. So to say I love you now feels like an understatement. To say how proud I am of the woman you were becoming doesn't quite cover it. To even say that I will miss you doesn't seem sufficient. But I will say them all again either way! I love you, I miss you, and I am so proud of you. I rejoice and find great peace in the thought that you are with God now and as free as the wind that blows through a field. Strength, bravery, and courage are what you left behind for us to carry on. The fight is over. Rest on Wonder Woman!  
With love, "Super man."

There are no words to truly express how I feel losing you Sis, but I am reminded of our conversation when you were waiting for your first lung transplant. You said "Sister, somebody has to lose their loved one for me to live." I was upset that you were even worrying about it, but that's just the heart you had and the love you had for people. Danielle, it will be a very long time before I am able to accept that I won't be getting your phone calls or text messages and we won't be able to have our long conversations. Especially the ones about the other siblings not calling or messaging as often as they should. I know you would call and tell me so that I could make sure they "get it together" as you would say. I am trying to find comfort in knowing that you are comfortable in the arms of the Lord, but this, my beautiful sister, is so hard. I can't help being selfish, wishing you were still here. Through it all, I give God thanks for the years He gave us with you, and I thank you for all of the wonderful and precious memories you've left us with. Take your rest, baby girl, try not to worry about us. I know you're still in the Heavens as much as you were on earth but try, and I will continue to do my best to keep Grammy, Darryl, Darrell, and Darda on track. A link from our chain has been broken physically, but spiritually I know you are right there keeping us together, linked hand in hand until we meet again.  
Love, Darria



Danielle was loved more than she knew.



"A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."  
- Proverbs 18:24 (KJV)

